

Winter in India

Issue 1: Forbidden Love



Cobentry, England.
November 1863.



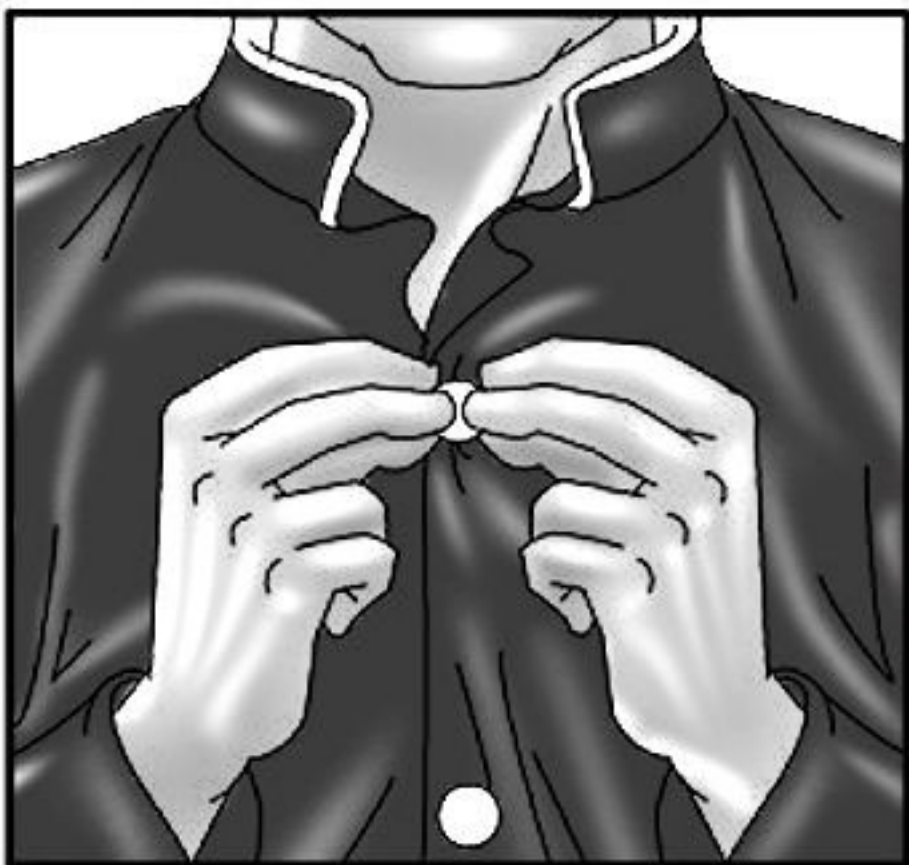
My name is Ryan Winter. For ten years, I served queen, country, and company in Hindustan. As many, I found war and wealth. I found brutality and beauty ...

Now, as new histories are made and those who could be hurt are long gone, I put my own story to paper.

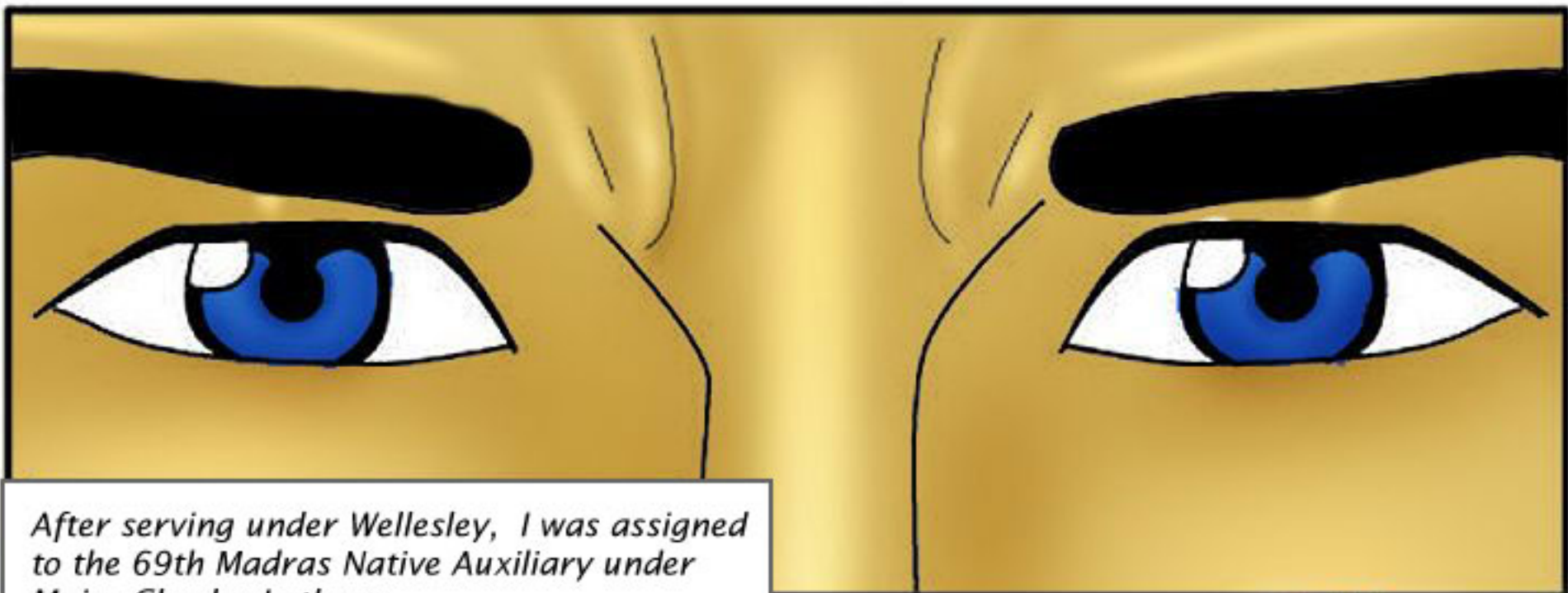


Others have written of the glories of Plassey, of Clive, and of Wellesley. I provide another account. A more personal account. I write about love and lust.



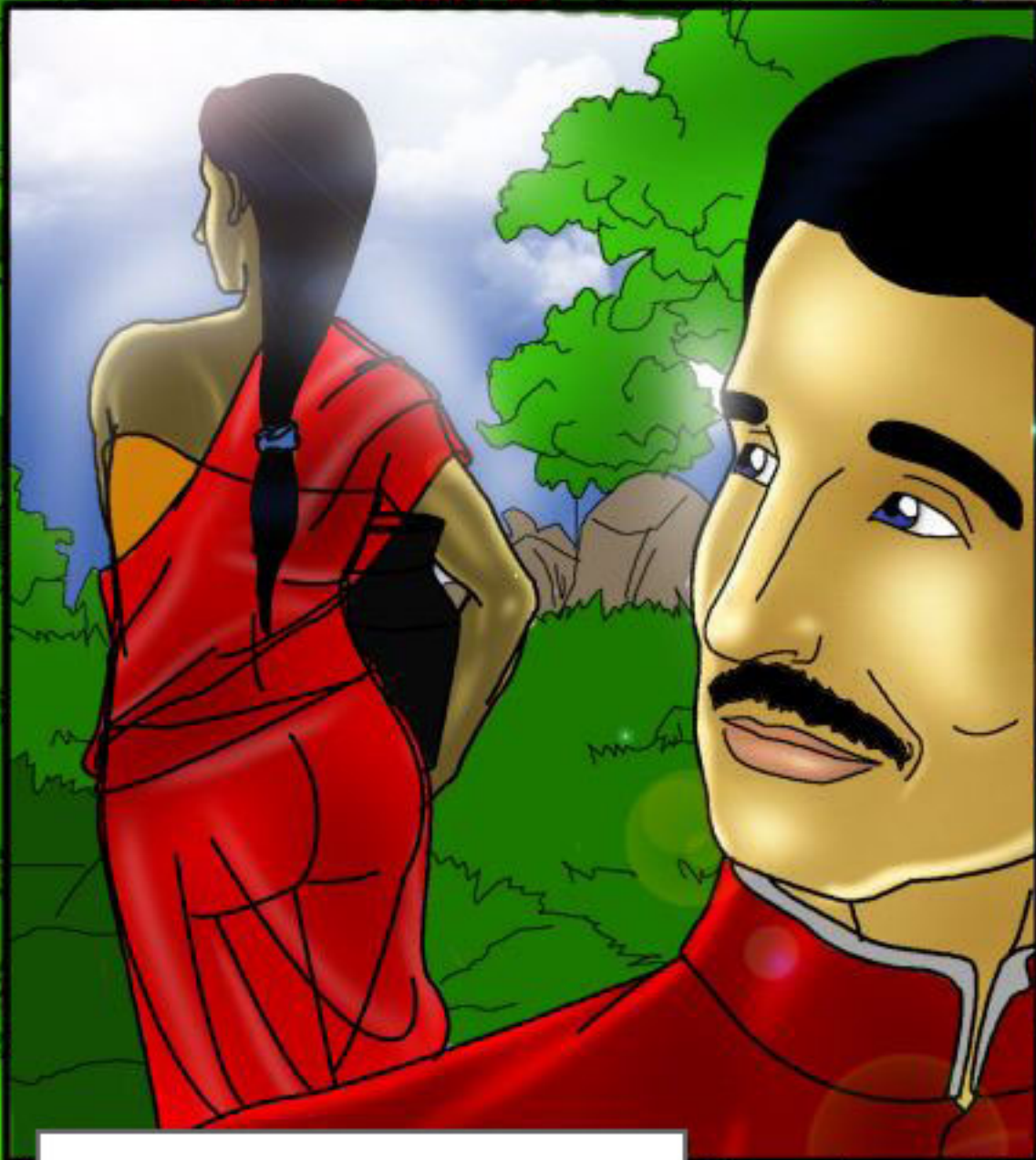


Shirkarpatnam, Deccan Plateau,
June, 1820.



*After serving under Wellesley, I was assigned
to the 69th Madras Native Auxiliary under
Major Charles Latham.*

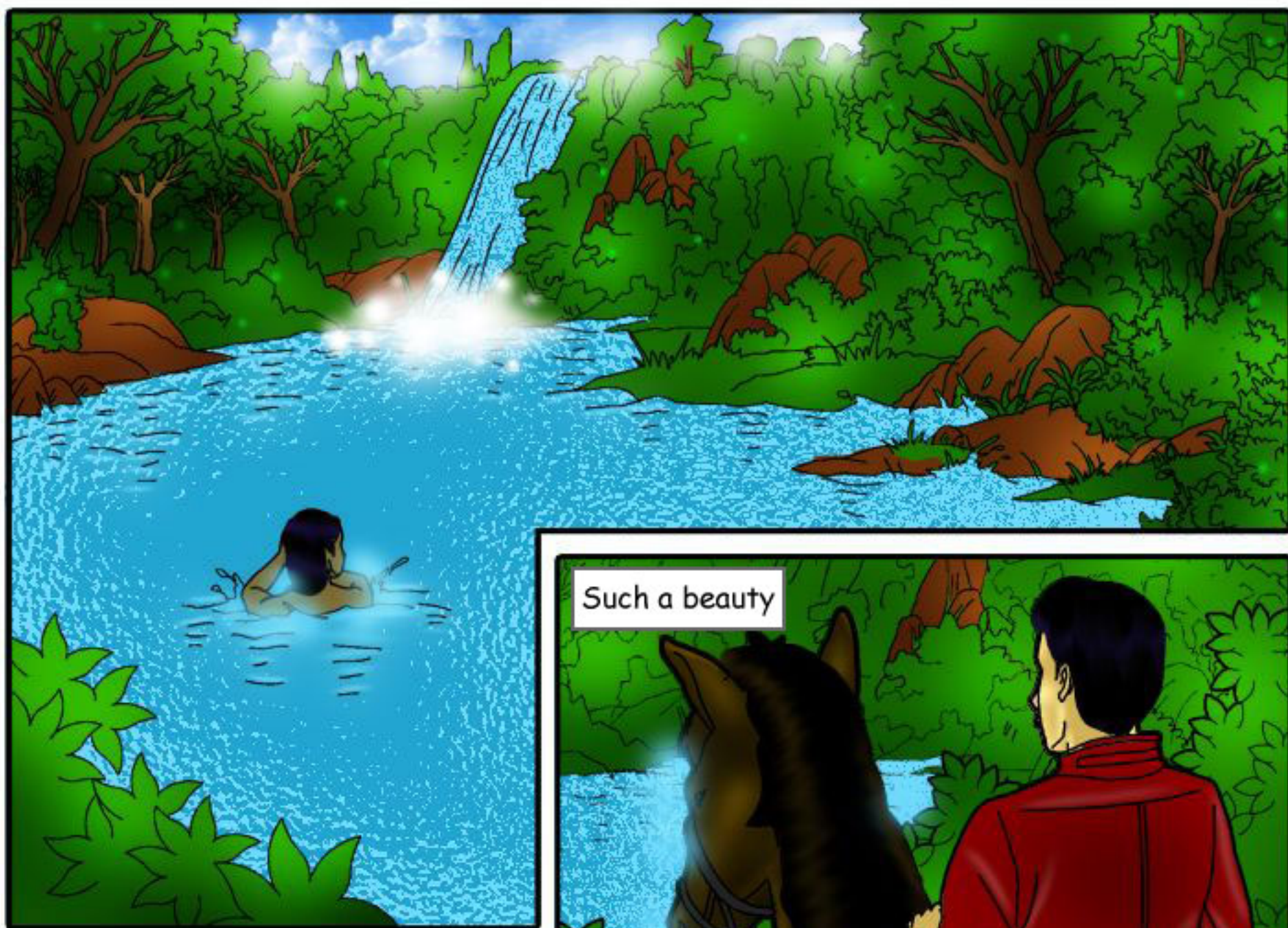
The 69th Madras was assigned to a small cantonment near the village of Shirkarpatnam, within the presidency of a Nawab named Rao, who styled himself a Maharaja.



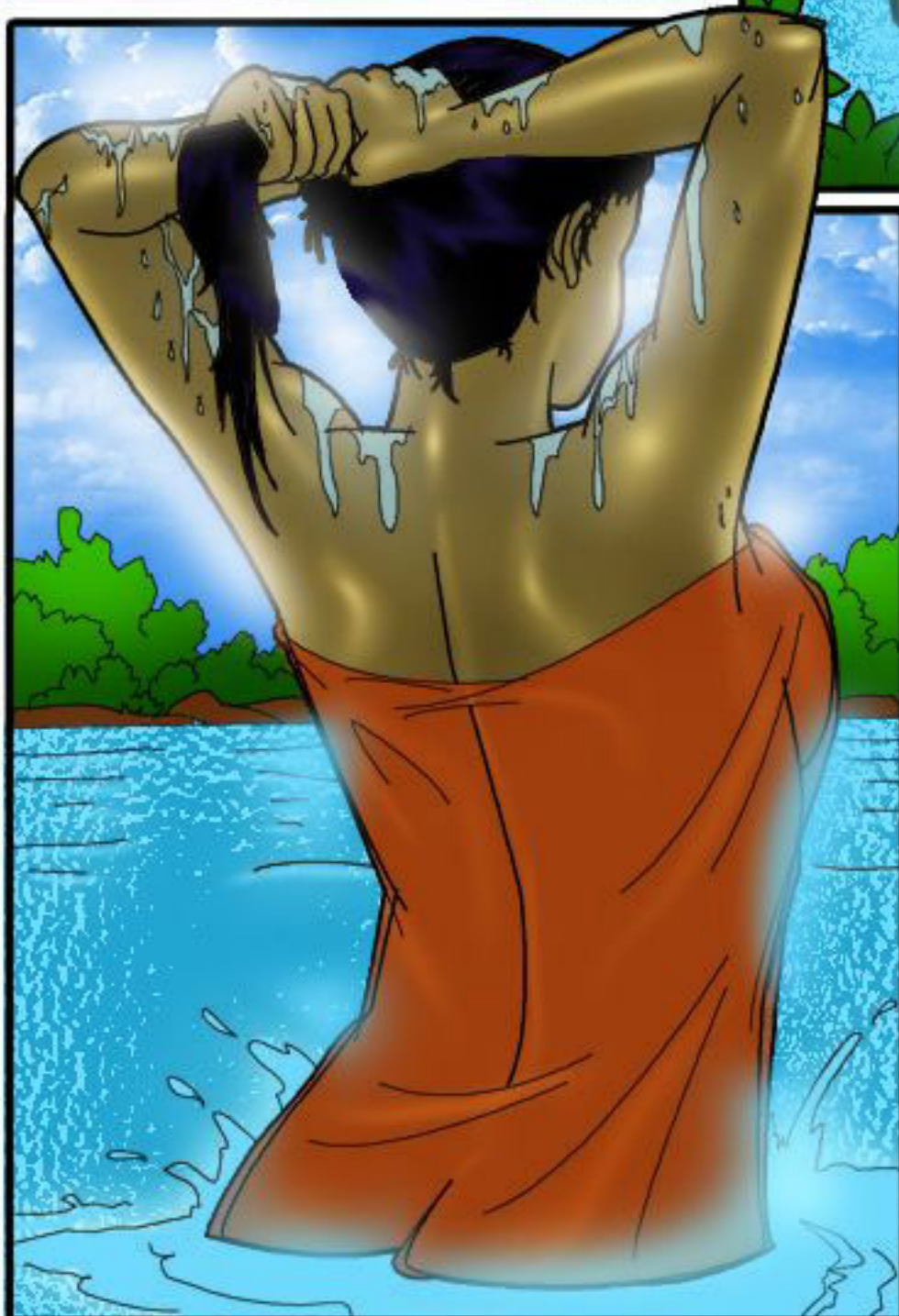
Like many others, it was the people that I loved.



(*) in local dialect



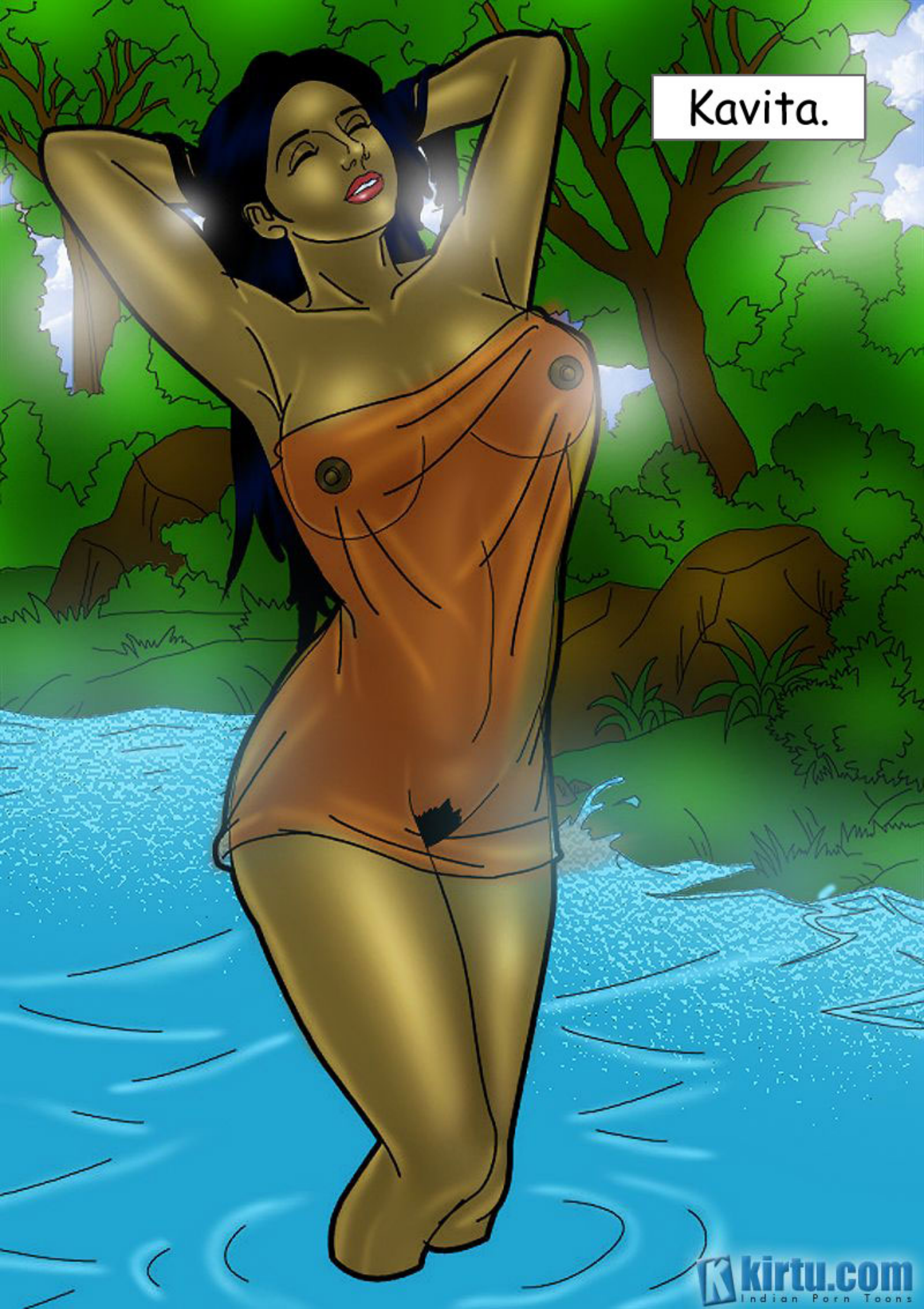
Such a beauty



By God, such perfection.



Kavita.







Ah , my love. I would spend all my days with you like this.

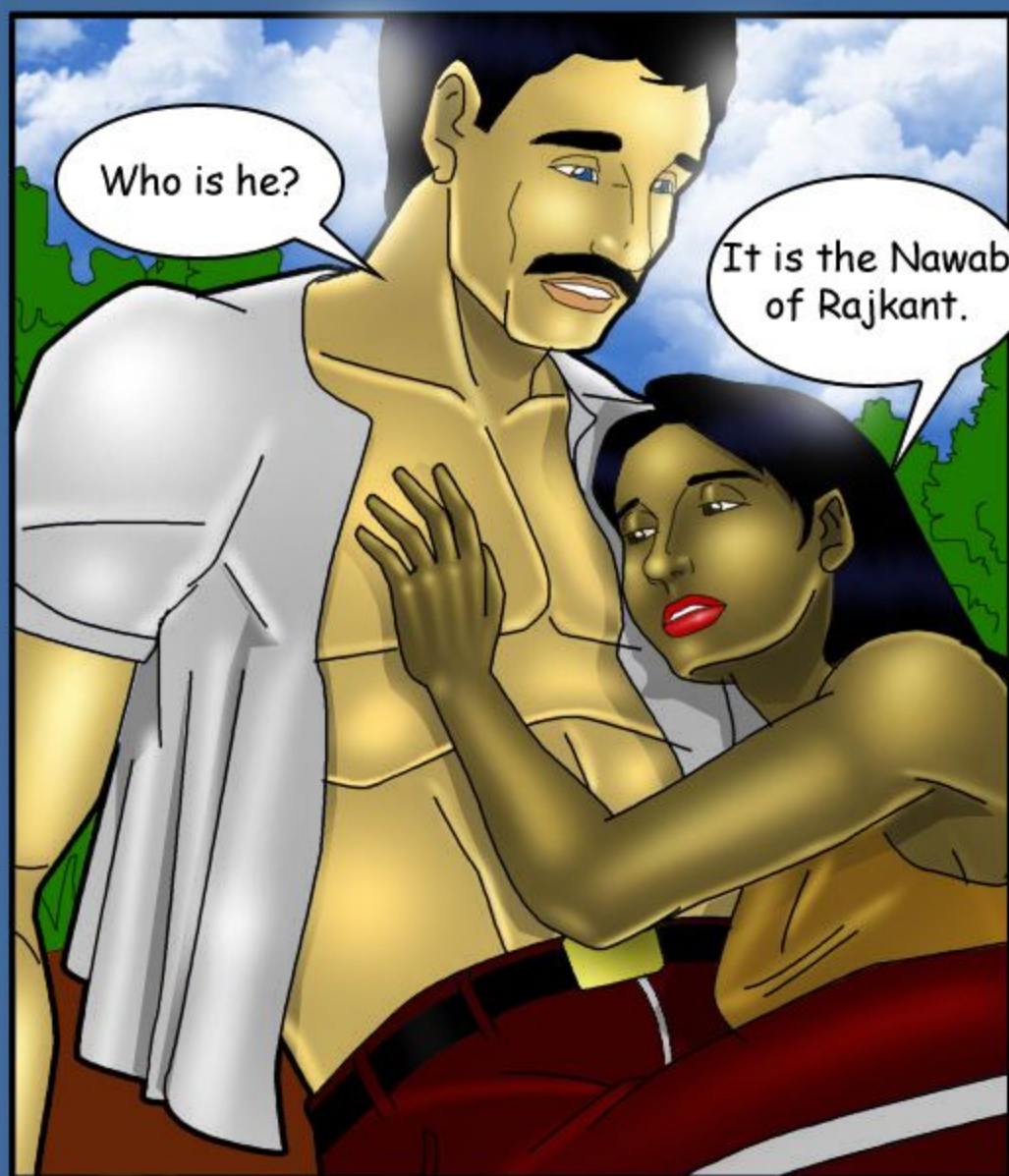
Ryan. There is something I must tell you

Oh, my dear. And what is that?

I am to be married, my love

My father has arrange a marriage for me.

I see. This is not unexpected I suppose



Who is he?

It is the Nawab of Rajkant.



Quite a match, I would suppose. The Nawab is a powerful man.



I have heard he is a difficult man. Not a very cooperative fellow.



But, I am not to be married for another year. It does not have to end today.














Ryan, my love.
I want you deeper
in me. Deeper!



Whether too arrogant or too naïve, we remained ignorant in our bliss that someone would be watching. Someone would be plotting.



So, Kavita.
You would slap me
but open your legs
for a ghora.



You will pay
for this.





Ah, Kavita...
Kavita. I'm going
to come.

Ryan,
my love.











My dearest Ryan,

It is with deepest affection and excitement that I write you this letter. I hope this letter finds you in good health. I now realize that I should have never let you go alone. I miss you dearly and my heart breaks to think that you must suffer Hindoostan alone. I have considered your proposition and know that, as your wife, I should be at your side ...

My most wonderful husband, I shall soon be joining you. My sister and I have already booked passage on a Portuguese vessel and will arrive in Goa shortly. I cannot wait to hold you in my arms.

Your ever faithful and loving wife,

Sarah